

venue aider au ménage. Dans son biographie, il écrit : «Plus j'aimais une femme, plus j'avais envie de la blesser.»

Au cours d'une transe médiumnique, elle décrit

différentes. Elle prétendait avoir vu Marie-Antoinette et elle écrit des lettres

à l'écriture de la reine, disait-elle. Pendant, bien que cette écriture diffère

de la sienne, elle ne ressemblait pas à celle de Marie-Antoinette non plus. Jusqu'à ce qu'elle

écrivit au quinzième siècle qu'elle avait écrit comme d'un prince de l'Inde.

Capable d'écrire des fragments de manuscrit et démontra une connaissance

étonnante de l'histoire de cette époque. Évidemment, parce qu'elle avait soigné

Mars, elle décrit la flore et la faune de la planète.

Cher ami, il est impossible et contraire à la nature

des choses que nos vies continuent à se dérouler parallèlement. J'ai réalisé que je les accepte, je n'ai pas peur.

Un jour, un moment la vie s'arrêta et je me rapporter les événements.

Correspondance qui subsistait. Tu ne m'as pas pardonné.

Le jour où j'ai jeté par la fenêtre le bracelet de diamant que tu m'avais offert.

Les fiançailles. Mais je ne suis pas écarté de conduite.

Je me a des origines. Qu'elle est, en fait.

Et la liste continue : mélanges de chronismes, éliminations abruptes.

Chronismes piquants, pastiches de salaces. Ma pipe d'écume.

En attendant prête; on me la tendait accroupis au-dessus du plateau.

J'inspirai profondément la fumée douceâtre, expirai et inspirai à nouveau. A chaque

inspiration, à chaque page tournée, les grilles se voyaient, tels un collier de rubis de

doigts de large, une gorge fermée ordinairement précieuse. Passer la

main sous le long de ses jambes pour chercher délicatement son clitoris.

Le goût de chair humaine. Léchier, sucer, embrasser, ordonner, tout ce qui demeure depuis le

premier instant où j'ai tété le sein de ma mère. Jouer avec trente-six malles et cinquante

chapeaux. Monter les seins nus et seller un éléphant loué. Boire du vin

à une tête de mort volée dans les décombres. Tournoyer dans la porte-bour

de l'hôtel Savoy-Plaza pendant plus d'une demi-heure. Laisser glisser sa langue en

une longue caresse veloutée, de l'anus à la prénité de son clitoris gonflé. Un écrivain,

quelqu'un qui joue avec le corps de sa femme, qui l'embellit, le désarticule et qui mène aux limites de ce qu'on peut

the gleaming golden dolphin-shaped taps. He sighed and covered

my full breasts each in one hand, brought them toward the center

until they were covered and covered this doubly sensitive point

long enough to observe, "Your breasts are very long. They have been wrecked on them."

abortion, the doctor told her to refrain from having more children. Her husband Gregory began sleeping with her

who had come to help with the housework. He wrote a biography, "The more I loved a woman, the more I wanted to

mediumistic trance, Natalie described memories of the past incarnations. Claiming to have once been Marie Antoinette

in which she was the queen's handwriting. But although the script differed from her own, it did not resemble Marie

Antoinette's. Coming to the fifteenth century when she had been an Indian prince, she was able to write rudimentary

Sanskrit and also showed considerable knowledge of that period. Finally, as a form of the planet's flora and fauna.

the nature of things that our lives should be different. I have faced the fact and accepted it and you arrange some day next week to bring me

correspondence as still exist? I know you cannot fit of pique in which I threw the diamond bracelet

during the time I was in the speeding train. But remember that a woman has a right to be that she is indefinitely other in

—Until we meet again,

anachronisms, abrupt chronisms, egotism, and salacious lacu

My opinion was handed to me and I crouched deeply into my lungs, the

With each indrawn breath a little pellet glowed. A choker of rubies

extraordinarily precious slit throat. Run the edge of the knife along the back of her legs and then touching

lightly to the tip of her clitoris. The taste of human flesh. The lick and sucking, kissing and biting that remains unchanged from the

moment at my mother's nipple. Traveling with thirty-six trunks fifty hatboxes. Riding bareback and barebreasted to the ball on a

ed baby elephant. Drinking wine from a skull stolen from the catacombs. Whirling around the revolving doors of the Savoy Plaza

for a half an hour or more. Dragging his tongue in one long velvety stroke from her asshole to the top of her swollen clitoris. The

writing was done with her mother's body and with her mother's

body and with her mother's body and with her mother's

body and with her mother's body and with her mother's

body and with her mother's body and with her mother's

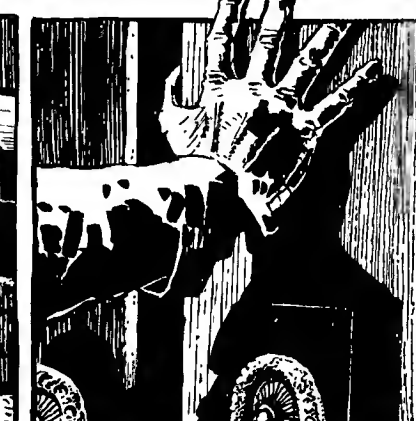
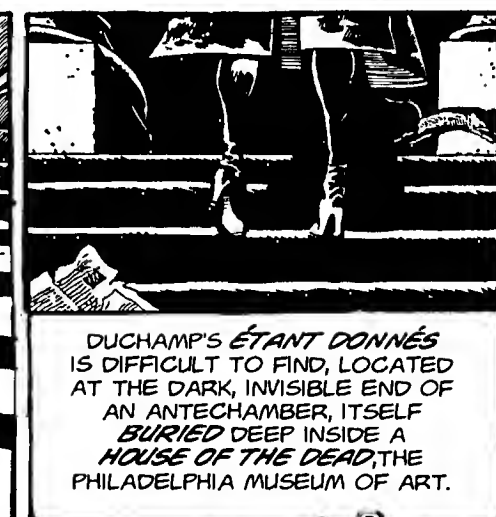
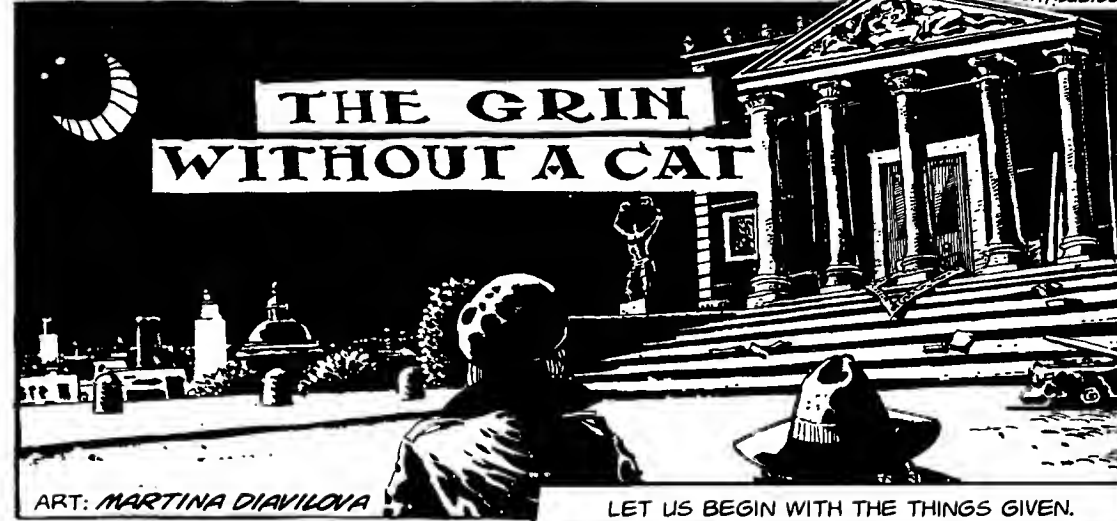
body and with her mother's body and with her mother's

body and with her mother's body and with her mother's

EDITORIAL!

COPY: LILLIAN LENNOX

© COPYRIGHT, LUSICOMICS

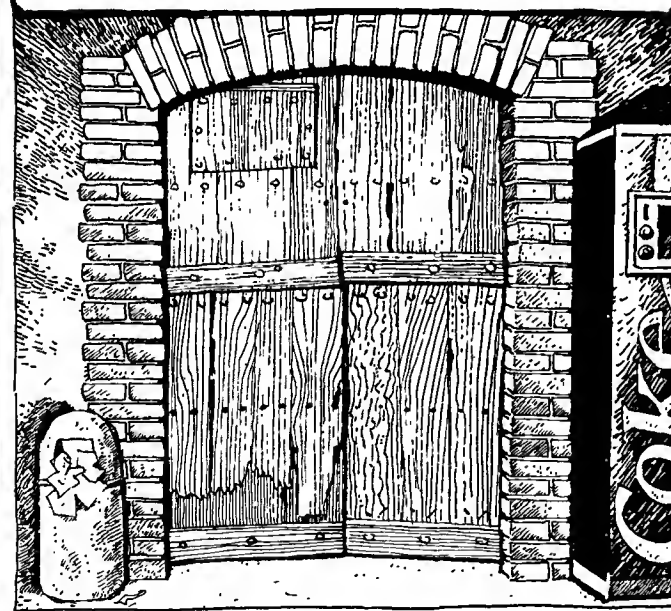
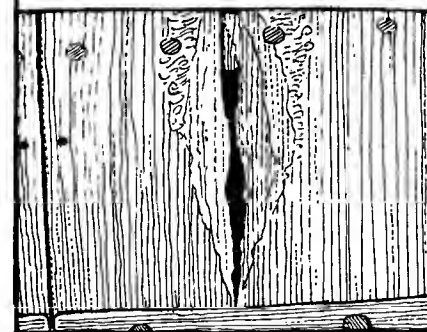




THROUGH AN ELABORATE PROCESS OF CROSSING THRESHOLDS, INTO AND THROUGH THE MUSEUM CORRIDORS, THE VISITOR, STILL INNOCENT, GRADUALLY APPROACHES A LARGE **SPANISH DOOR** SET INSIDE A SMALL CHAMBER, ADJACENT TO THE LARGER ROOM OF THE **DUCHAMP COLLECTION!**



THE VISITOR IS FIRST DIRECTED TO A **LONG SLIT** IN THE WEATHERED WOOD!



...BUT UPON **LOOKING** THROUGH THE SLIT, **NOTHING IS REVEALED!** THE SLIT IS EMPTY, **PITCH BLACK!** SEARCHING FOR A **REAL OPENING**, THE VISITOR NEXT LOCATES TWO PEEPHOLES TO THE LEFT OF THE SLIT---



A DARK, GREASY SMEAR LEFT BY COUNTLESS PEEPING FACES, THE GREASE OF PAST SPECTATORSHIP, IS INGRAINED ABOVE THE PEEPHOLES, A **MEMORY TRACE**



---HUM--- ON FIRST INSPECTION, IT APPEARS TO BE A NAKED **FEMALE TORSO---** HER LEGS ARE SPREAD AKIMBO DISPLAYING THE CENTRAL EYE-POPPER OF A **SHAVED VAGINA!**

THE FEMALE TORSO IS HOLDING A SMALL FUEL LAMP IN HER LEFT HAND, AND A CHEAP **IMITATION** WATERFALL FLOWS WITH FAKE GLITTER ON THE HORIZON.

IS THIS A **SEAMY SEX CRIME?** A CRUDE AND KITSCHY DEPICTION



---OF THE RAPE AND RAVISHMENT



OF A YOUNG WOMAN? ---YET, **SOMETHING**



IS AMISS AT THE VERY HEART OF THE **SPECTACLE!**

AND AT THE HEART OF
ÉTANT DONNÉS IS A VAGINA.

OR, AT LEAST, A SLIT INTO
THE TORSO OF A SPLAYED BODY.

BUT LIKE THE CRACK IN THE DOOR,
THAT PROMISED SUCH EASY ACCESS
ONLY TO REVEAL NOTHING AT ALL,---



---THIS VAGINA, OR VAGINA ICON,
OPENS UP A SPACE WHERE ALL FIRST
GLANCES SLIP.

AT THIS POINT, IT BECOMES EVIDENT
THAT NOT ONLY PHYSICAL THRESHOLDS *MUST*
BE CROSSED IN APPROACHING THE WORK,
BUT THRESHOLDS OF *COGNITION* AS WELL.



THE LITTLE FUEL-BURNING LAMP HELD
BY THE FIGURE SERVES TO MOCK PARADIGMS
OF LIGHT/DARK, MAN/WOMAN,
PRESENCE/ABSENCE---

---FURTHER IMPLYING THAT FOLLOWING A PATH BATHED IN
CARTESIAN LIGHT WILL NOT SERVE SO WELL FOR AN
INTERPRETATION OF ÉTANTS DONNÉS



FIRST, THE VAGINA FACSIMILE
IS UNCANNILY *OFF-KILTER*.

SECOND, EVEN IF IT IS A VAGINA,
JUST A LITTLE OFF ITS SPOT,
THE *SHAPE* IS INCORRECT.



SO, MAYBE IT IS AN ANUS,
MAYBE AN ANUS WITH A TEAR, A SPLIT?
MAYBE THIS IS A REPRESENTATION
OF MALE RAVISHMENT?

BUT THE TORSO HAS BREASTS
AND APPEARS TO BE LYING ON ITS BACK---
IT CAN'T BE AN ANUS.



ARE THESE, THEN, THE DISTORTED
GENITALS OF A FEMALE MONSTER?



---OR, PREGNANT AS IT IS WITH
PLENTIFUL REFERENCES TO ART HISTORICAL
TROPES AND CLICHÉS, IS ÉTANTS DONNÉS
A DUCHAMPIAN MISTERY PLAY FOR THE *GRIN*
WITHOUT A CAT....

SO...WHAT IS
VULVAMORPHIA!?

IT IS *NOT* ABOUT VOYEURISM.
NOR IS IT SPECIFICALLY ABOUT
FEMALE GENITALIA. *VULVAMORPHIA*

IS NOT ABOUT AN ART PRACTICE
OR PHILOSOPHY OF "IN YA FACE"
FEMALE GENITALS FUNCTIONING
AS SOME KIND OF *INFANTILE*
FEMINIST STATEMENT!

YOU MEAN---
VULVAMORPHIA TAKES PLACE
SOMEWHERE ELSE?

---DEMETER, GRIEF STRICKEN WHEN HER
DAUGHTER PERSEPHONE WAS ABDUCTED
TO THE *UNDERWORLD*, SEARCHED THE
EARTH DRESSED AS A MORTAL WOMAN.

THE TALE OF DEMETER,
GODDESS OF THE HARVEST,
COMES TO MIND---



ONE DAY, SHE RESTED
AT *GLEUSIS*---



SAUBO, A FEMALE DEMON, OFFERED HER
A DRINK OF BARLEY WATER AND MINT---



---DEMETER REFUSES---



C'MON...TRY IT!



COOL...



---BLAH, BLAH---



CHECK THIS!

BAUBO LIFTS HER SKIRT TO REVEAL HER PUDENDA ON WHICH IS DRAWN A BOY'S FACE. USING HER HANDS, BAUBO MAKES THE FACE GRIMACE, PROVOKING LAUGHTER FROM DEMETER!



---AND THUS ENDING HER MOURNING.

A TALE OF THE VULVA, MORPHED.

MANIFESTA: THE CONJUNCTION OF THE ABYSS WITH THE OCTOPUS SHALL YIELD THE GAY SCIENCE OF VULVAMORPHIA!!!

"IT GENERALLY AVOIDS BAIT BUT IF IT IS CAUGHT IT GETS RID OF IT, THANKS TO ITS ENERGY AND FLEXIBILITY."
(PLUTARCH - DE SOLA)

(VULVA = WRAPPER; MORPHIA = FORM).

WE KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT THE ABYSS --- BUT WHAT ABOUT THE OCTOPUS?

THE OCTOPUS POSSESSES AN INFALLIBLE WEAPON TO DECEIVE ITS ENEMY AND FOOL ITS VICTIM, NAMELY *INK*, A DARK, VISCOUS, LIQUID CLOUD.



"IT UNFOLDS ITS INTERNAL ORGANS AND TURNS THEM INSIDE OUT, DIVESTING ITSELF OF ITS BODY AS IF IT WERE A SHIRT."
(AELIAN - OPIAN)

VULVAMORPHIA IS AN ASSEMBLY OF INKY FLUIDS.

VULVA YES, OH YES!

BUT IT'S THE MORPHIA THAT PUSHES THE ISSUE OUT!



WHERE BORDERS ARE CROSSED, OBJECTS MERGE.
VOICES AND IDENTITIES ARE NOT ENTIRELY RECOGNIZABLE.
IT IS IN THIS SEA OF *WHAT-IS-IT?-NESS*, THAT IS THE
REALM OF THE VULVAMORPH.

THE ZONE OF FUSION AND CONFUSION OF "*WHAT-IS-IT?-NESS*,"
THE VERTIGO AND NAUSEA THAT IS THE TERROR OF BEING CONFRONTED
WITH BOUNDARIES THAT HAVE SLIPPED, DEFINITIONS THAT REFER TO
NO-THING, *THE NO-THING*. IF IT IS NEITHER BIRD NOR FISH, THEN
IT MUST BE AN ABOMINATION, *A NIGHTMARE*.

SUCH ABOMINATIONS ARE ALWAYS PERCEIVED AS OBSCENE,
GROTESQUE AND ABERRANT EXPRESSIONS OF A PURE, PRISTINE
ORIGIN. *BATAILLE* ECHOES *METZSCHE* WHEN HE CONSTRUES THE
PLEASURE OF EROTICISM AS TRAGIC, "OTHER(S) IN SEXUALITY
CEASELESSLY OFFER A POSSIBILITY OF CONTINUITY, (WHILST)
OTHER(S) CEASELESSLY MENACE AND PROPOSE A TEAR
IN THE SEAMLESS GOWN OF INDIVIDUAL DISCONTINUITY".



BATAILLE'S CONCEPTION OF NUDITY POSITS GENITAL EXPOSURE
AS THE CRITICAL *BREACH* WITHIN THE SURFACE OF CLOSURE, A
BREACH WHICH FACILITATES AN EXPOSURE TO EXTERIORITY

THIS BREACH, ASSOCIATED WITH WOUNDING,
SPLITTING AND CRACKING IS FULLY EXPOSED,
"DIRTY," NUDITY.

NUDITY IS A METAPHOR FOR A "TEAR IN THE SEAMLESS GOWN,"
WHERE NUDITY IS AN EXCESS OF INTERIORITY WHICH ALREADY INDICATES
THE APPROACH OF ALTERITY, AS WELL AS AN APPROACH TO ALTERITY.

STARK NUDITY DOES NOT PLACE *LIFE* IN QUESTION,
BUT ONLY *LIFE*'S APPARENT PURITY, IT'S DOMESTICITY,
IT'S CLEANLINESS: IT DOES NOT KILL, BUT IT *SOILS*.

A VULVAMORPH *SOILS*
AND MAKES *MURKY* THE
CLEAR WATER.

A VULVAMORPH SOUNDS OUT A POLYPHONOUS CHORUS
OF LITTLE THINGS, THE SAD, LOST, DISCARDED, FORGOTTEN,
DENIED, REPRESSED, DISAVOWED AND FORECLOSED SUBJECTS,
OBJECTS AND *THINGNESSES* OF THE WORLD.

THE THINGS GIVEN!

aren Bermann

Architecture at Iowa State University in Ames, Iowa.
Architecture à la Iowa State University, Ames, Iowa.

ureen Connor

who lives in New York City. She has exhibited internationally.
qui vit à New York City. Elle a montré internationalement.

Durham Crout

oral candidate in the Ph.D. program in theory, and criticism at the University of
the University of California, Berkeley, where she is a member of the University of

Sheila Davies

practices drama and performance art. She lives in San Francisco.
écrit des pièces de théâtre et des pièces radiophoniques. Elle vit à San Francisco.

Toni Dove

is a performance artist who works with electronic media. She recently
collaborated with the Banff Center for the Arts in Canada.
est une artiste de performance électronique. Elle vient de terminer son doctorat en littérature comparée au Banff Center for the Arts.

Terri Kapsalis

Writer, performer, and dancer in Chicago. She is currently a graduate
in Performance Studies at the University of Illinois at Chicago.
est écrivain, artiste de performance et danseuse. Elle a achevé son doctorat en littérature comparée à l'Université de Chicago.

Andrea L.M. Keller

is a doctoral candidate in the Ph.D. program in literature at the University of
prépare son doctorat en littérature comparée à l'Université de Chicago.

Liz Kotz

on film, television, and video. She is currently a student in comparative litera-
ture at Columbia University. She is currently a student in comparative litera-
donne des conférences et des ateliers de travail. Elle termine son doctorat en littérature comparée à l'Université de Columbia.

herine Lambert

has an architectural practice in San Francisco.
a un bureau d'architecture à San Francisco.

Alphonso Lingis

is a professor of philosophy at the University of
est professeur de philosophie à l'Université de la Virginie.

Albert Liu

is a doctoral candidate in the Ph.D. program in the Center of The Johns Hopkins University in
Baltimore.
prépare son doctorat en littérature comparée au Center of The Johns Hopkins University à Baltimore.

Kathy O'Dell

is assistant professor of theory and theory at the University of Maryland
Baltimore.
est professeur adjoint de théorie et de théorie à l'Université de Maryland à Baltimore.

Value Ophelia

Valery Manenti, a doctoral candidate in cinema studies at New York University.
est Valery Manenti, une doctorante en études de cinéma à New York University, dans le département d'études du cinéma.